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Heart to Heart.

From Heart to Heart.

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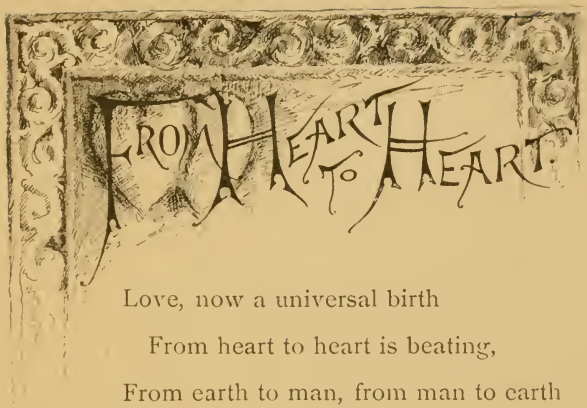


Love, now a universal birth
From heart to heart is beating,
From earth to man, from man to earth
It is the hour of feeling,

One moment now may give us more
Than fifty years of reason,
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Wordsworth.

Oh ! Love is of being the glory and grace,
The power, the impulse, the voice and the breath,
It can rest in the light of a dearly loved face,
Yet is stronger than edict and ruler o'er death.

If planets and systems between us should roll,
And our paths by the spaces be sundered apart,
I should know when a shadow swept over your soul,
And be swayed by the innermost pulse of the heart.

J. G. Clark.

To my Valentine.

Ah ! Wisdom may speak from his bright open page,
And look on young beauty with visage so sage,
But when Youth's merry bells in the distance are heard,
Believe, for I'll swear it, she'll not hear a word !
Wisdom speaks like a judge, and his speeches are
sound,
His words are well chosen his periods round,
But when Folly in rhyme, tells a maiden she's fair,
Old Wisdom may grumble his songs to the air.

Eliza G. Lewis.

Song.

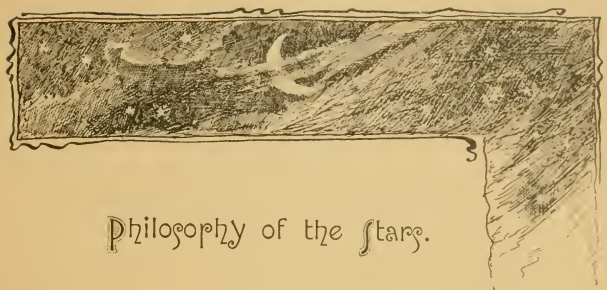
Spring time came to me
With thee, with thee;
Oh! then how lovingly
Came it to me.

Less in the sunny skies
Than in thy eyes;
Less in the flowering earth
Spring beauty lies.

Spring music 's not the brook
Murmuring along ;
But thy sweet heart of love,
Breathing its song.

Ever, beloved, then
Keep me with thee ;
So shall it ever be
Spring time with me.

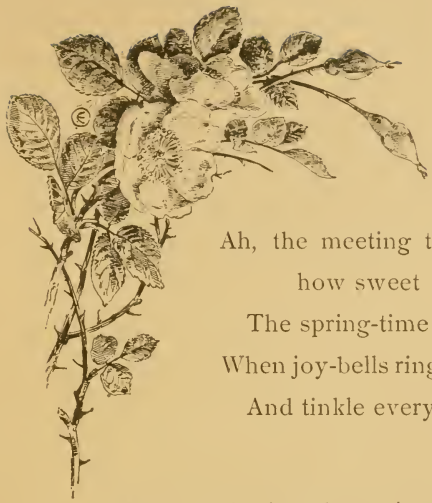
E. D. C.



Philosophy of the Stars.

The Heavens are calm and the night serene,
Look out, fair one, one a beautcous scene,
And mark how the moon with those stars so fair
Still wend their way through those fields of air.

O think of them, dear, as a glorious boon,
As a type of that spirit given,
And gaze on that star and silver moon
As an emblem of Hope and Heaven.



Ah, the meeting time; O Love, how sweet
The spring-time scented air,
When joy-bells ring a merry chime
And tinkle everywhere,

When bird-wings bear o'er Southern slope
The scent of musk and heliotrope,
And bird-songs, sweeter and sweeter growing,
First woo the roses into bloming.

C. T. Urmy.

Love hath Won.

My kindling brow, my blushing cheek
  My throbbing heart, betray
That o'er my bosom love hath won
  A wild, unbounded sway.

Return, then my beloved,
  Whilst life throbs in each vein,
For death in life I suffer, till
  Thou comest to me again.

Eliza G. Lewis.

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